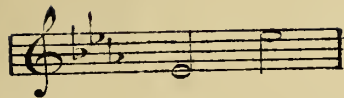
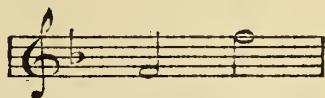


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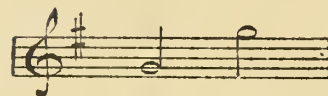
No 1 in E \flat



No 2 in F



No 3 in G



SUNG BY
MISS MAGGIE TEYTE

THE BIRTH OF MORN

(DAWN)

SONG

WORDS BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

MUSIC BY

FRANCO LEONI

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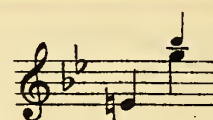
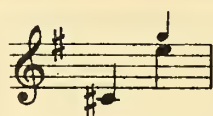
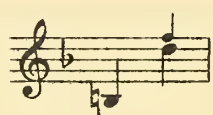
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AN INSTANTANEOUS BALLAD SUCCESS



When Shadows Fall

Words by
GEORGE S. APPEGARTH

(O'er The Canyon Wall)

(Medium)

Music by
L. LESLIE LOTH

p-f Refrain

a tempo

When shadows fall, o'er the canyon wall,

And night birds call in the pine trees

tall, Then moonbeams bright from the god of

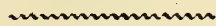
When shadows fall, o'er the canyon wall,
And night birds call in the pine trees tall,
Then moonbeams bright from the God of night,
Come softly gleaming and beaming,
Where lovely maids sit dreaming,
Whisp'ring "Lo! 'Tis time for mating,
Don't be slow, thy love is waiting,
Haste, Oh, haste, no time to waste,
Fond hearts are burning with yearning for thee!"

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CHAPPELL-HARMS INC., 185 Madison Ave., New York

The Birth of Morn

(DAWN)



An angel, robed in spotless white,
Bent down and kissed the sleeping night.
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.
Men saw the blush and called it dawn.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

The Birth Of Morn

(DAWN)
Song

Words by
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Music by
FRANCO LEONI

Andante

Voice.

Piano.

pp

pp

An an - gel, robed in spot less

white, Bent down and kissed the sleep - ing

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night. Night woke to blush;..... the sprite..... was

pp *cresc.*

pp *cresc.*

gone. Men saw the blush and called it

f rall. *dim.* *rit.*

cresc. *f rall.* *dim.* *rit.*

dawn. Dawn. Dawn.

p a tempo. *cresc.*

pp a tempo. *cresc.* *cresc.*

Dawn. Dawn!.....

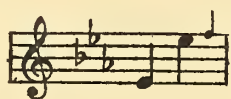
cresc. *rit.* *ff*

f *rit.* *ff*

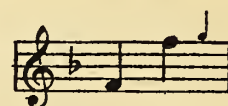
8.

BY THE COMPOSER OF "ONE LITTLE DREAM OF LOVE"

No. 1 in E \flat



No. 2 in F



THE FAR-AWAY BELLS

SONG

Words by
DOUGLAS FURBER

Music by
WESTELL GORDON

Refrain

mf

The far-a-way bells are ring-ing My thoughts of love and you; And the

mf ben marcato

cresc. far-a-way bells are sing-ing Their song of dreams come true. *dim.* I'll be

cresc. *dim.* *mf*

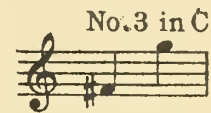
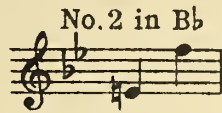
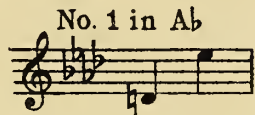
long-ing for you and wait-ing A - lone 'neath the skies a -

ten. *colla voce*

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ANOTHER GEM FROM THE PEN OF THIS GIFTED COMPOSER



IN THE GARDEN OF TO-MORROW

Song

Words by
GEO. GRAFFE Jr.
REFRAIN

Music by
JESSIE L. DEPPEN

p

In the garden of to - mor - row, Will the ros-es be more fair?—

p

Will we find re-lief from sor - row, Will there be more sunshine th - e - re?

For each love flow'r that will blos - som, Some will die and fade a - way.—

REFRAIN

In the garden of to-morrow,
Will the roses be more fair?
Will we find relief from sorrow,
Will there be more sunshine there?
For each love flow'r that will blossom,
Some will die and fade away.
Oh! I'd so much rather,
All my love flow'rs gather,
From the garden of to-day.

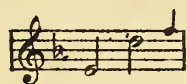
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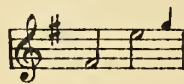
Two Sensational Ballad Successes

By The Composer of
"Roses Of Picardy"

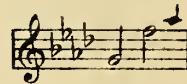
No.1 in F



No.2 in G



No.3 in Ab



A Brown Bird Singing

Words by
ROYDEN BARRIE

Andante moderato

Music by
HAYDN WOOD

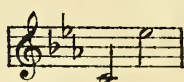
Singing in the hush of the darkness and the dew.
Would that his song through the stillness could go winging,
Could go winging to you, to you.

All through the night time my lonely heart is singing
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew,
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.
Would that the song of my heart could go a-winging,
Could go a-winging to you, to you.

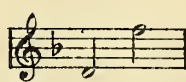
All through the night time my lonely heart is singing
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.

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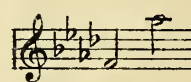
No.1 in Eb



No.2 in F



No.3 in Ab



I Look Into Your Garden

Words by
CHARLES WILMOTT

Moderato

Music by
HAYDN WOOD

dew is on the grass;
But with all its glowing roses and its perfumes rich and rare,
It's a wilderness to me, dear, for I do not see you there.

I look into your garden when the ev'ning shadows fall,
When the flow'rs are closed in slumber and the birds have ceased to call;
But though all is grey and shadowed and no perfume scents the air,
It's a paradise to me, dear, for I see you waiting there,
And I thank God for your love, dear, when I meet and kiss you there.

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